

THE DUVER

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(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"Is anything the matter?"—p. 754.

"JESSY, THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

IT was a sweet and tender air, pitched rather high, and sung in a sweet, childish voice, strangely contrasting with the surroundings of the sordid city.

VOL. II.

I was irresistibly reminded of "the thrush at the corner of Wood Street," that called up the reverie of home and of country to Wordsworth's "Poor Susan."

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"'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside."

I, too, saw in imagination a Highland glen, a mountain stream, a wreath of mist ascending "the lofty Ben Lomond;" and dropping the unchosen ribbon from my hand, I quitted the counter, and went to the door of the little shop in which I had taken refuge from a smart shower. The rain had passed off, leaving the uneven pavement muddy and sloppy: the song had ceased, and the songstress was looking round for the chance of a stray halfpenny; and approached me with that forlorn hope. What was she like? A little, colourless girl of about twelve, in clothing the shabbiest of the shabby; not the least like my notion of the Flower of Dumblane. I gave her a penny and no more, saying, "Sing the song again," secretly intending to give her sixpence when she reached the end of it. Her fit audience, though few, consisted of a butcher-boy eating a roasted apple, a man with an apparatus for cooking that dainty at the street-corner, and one or two children loitering on their way to school. She looked irresolute, cleared her throat a little, and began half a note flatter than before, and with much less expression: it was no longer carolling. I began to think my sixpence would be rather poorly invested, and was listening with almost indifference, when suddenly she stopped short in the middle of a line, and burst into tears.

If there's anything I hate, it's hypocrisy, and my interest in the child instantly ceased. "A got-up cry," thought I; "ten to one she is an artful, depraved little thing," and returning to the counter, I hardened my heart against her, and deliberately chose the ribbon. While it was being measured off, I glanced towards the street again; she was still in the middle of it, smearing her wet eyes with her hands, and the tattered shawl showing every catch in her breath. The butcher-boy had finished his apple, thrown away the core, and gone off whistling; the apple-seller was serving a new customer; the children had strayed away; all but one little healthy girl, perhaps between six and eight years old, who, in her short red cloak, looked a Little Red Ridinghood. After looking fixedly at the singer, she did from impulse, and in the best way possible, the very thing I was already reproaching myself for not doing. She went up, laid her little, fat hand softly on the other's arm, and said, simply—

"Is anything the matter?"

What balm there is in the voice of sympathy and kindness! The poor girl looked wistfully at her, and said, in broken accents—

"My mother's so ill!"

I hastily swept the change that lay before me

from the counter, selected a sixpence, and putting the remainder into my purse, went quickly to the door. The little girls were just passing out of sight, round the street-corner, locked hand in hand.

How often we give ourselves much extra trouble, to say nothing of uneasiness and self-dissatisfaction, by forbearing to do a right thing at the moment, and making a huddled, patched-up affair of it afterwards! To say nothing of the pain needlessly given the other party, allowed to go on to a point beyond the power of self-restraint. I remember hearing a preacher say, "We speak of impulse; and mad and foolish are they, my hearers, who neglect their good impulses; for through them the Spirit speaks."

I could have given many exquisite reasons for refraining from my first impulse; the Little Red Ridinghood acted upon hers without any reasoning at all, and, I think, had the best of it. I followed those children through two streets, each shabbier than the other, and every step out of my way; once or twice calling, "Little girl, little girl," but never heard. Once I lost sight of them; they had turned into an alley, and I did not know whether they had again turned to the right or the left. I soon espied them, however; standing still before a mean doorway. Now I came up with them, and briefly said, "Little girl, here's a sixpence."

The joy on that face! it was worth the muddy walk. It was only a passing brightness, however; she looked sad, but thankful.

"Where do you lodge?"

"In here, ma'am."

"What's the matter with your mother?"

"She's broke a blood-vessel, ma'am;" and large tears swelled into her eyes.

"Oh, but that's very sad! She should go into an hospital."

"She hasn't an order; and, she says, What's to become of me, ma'am?"

"Oh, an order could be had, I think;" and while I was pausing for a solution to the other difficulty, Little Red Ridinghood, delegating her charge to me, squeezed her hand and ran away.

"Suppose I go in and see your mother."

"Thankee, ma'am; she'll take it very kind."

So I went in, and up three pair of stairs. What poverty—what sights—what smells! The attic was more airy than any other part of the lodging-house, but almost destitute of furniture. Just before I entered it, the girl timidly whispered—

"Please, ma'am, mother don't know I've been singing; only we were so very hard up."

It was easy to see she spoke truth. I went in: an elderly man was sitting by the poor woman's bed: the girl's face irradiated with joy. "Oh,

Mr. Brown!" said she. A great load was evidently taken off her mind.

I thought Mr. Brown might be a doctor; but no, he was a city missionary; one of those devoted men of whom the world is not worthy; but who incessantly labour in our courts and alleys, among diseases of all sorts, in most unhealthy places, often reviled, often insulted, yet setting no count on their lives, their health, their ease, if so be they may but alleviate the trials of the suffering, and win souls to Christ. How is it that we rich—we comparatively rich, for my means are but small, do not pour of our abundance into these devoted men's hands, affording them, at least, the limited assistance which money can give? "If they go down into the mine, shall not we supply the rope?" And sympathy—we can all give them sympathy!

This good Mr. Brown had brought an order for an hospital with him, and was arranging means of conveying the poor sufferer there. A few shillings aided them very much, and were most gratefully received. The woman—her name was Smith—was not a heroine in distress: she had known better days, but only as a domestic servant. She had married a soldier; he was on foreign service; she was not one of the few wives who were on the strength of the regiment. She had obtained a poor, precarious support for herself and her child by washing and charring. Hard work when she could get it, insufficient food when she could not, had brought down her strength. Snatching her child from being crushed by a great bale of goods, that was being drawn up by a crane when the

chain broke, caused her to burst a blood-vessel; and she was now at a very low ebb indeed.

It seemed much better for me to go thoroughly into this case, and put my heart and soul into it, than to go on and spend the morning with my friend; who would be disappointed at my not coming, but not break her heart about it. Before two hours were gone, I had accompanied the poor woman in a cab to the hospital, seen her comfortably placed in bed, provided her with the few little comforts that the friends of the patients, if they have any, are allowed to supply; and seen her part with her little daughter, whom the missionary had undertaken to place in safe hands.

I was afterwards able to assist him a little in providing for her. The mother recovered; and when she was well enough, was very thankful to take charge of an empty house that was to let, with a small weekly pay, and firing. Jessy (I used sometimes to call her so, for her name was Janet) used to come for dripping, and odds and ends; and by fitting her with cast-off clothing, she was enabled, in time, to go into service. She has become a good and really valuable young servant to her employers; the tender tie between her and her mother continuing unbroken.

"And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?
Ah no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother!"

SYMPATHY.

FOR myself," says Charles Lamb, jesting at Sir Thomas Browne's boasted universality of sympathy, "for myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—'standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,' I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national and individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or, when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall of sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot

be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike."

How much more truly has Lamb expressed a natural human weakness here than the author of the "Urn-Burial," whose splendid boast he uses for the text of his discourse: "I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in anything." Why, this is almost as amusing as Fuller's rampant eulogy of Prince Charles: "He sympathiseth with him that by proxy is corrected for his offence." And I incline to think that, after all, the good Sir Thomas was deceiving himself when he glided into the pompous declaration; while Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," whose heart was as warm, and whose sympathies were as wide, perhaps, as those of any man that ever liked and disliked, was courageously looking at himself through no coloured spectacles. Having once gazed unprejudiced into their own hearts, I

fear there are few indeed dwelling on this side paradise who could venture on an assertion so bold as Sir Thomas's.

There are so many conditions—when we consider it—so very many different qualities of mind and body, and such varieties of circumstance, on which our sympathies would seem to depend, that it is difficult to imagine how, in our present state of existence, these could attain to universality and perfection. Moving about as we do, each man—if we would but think of it; as we do at times perceive and feel it, so as to shudder at the thought, and long for annihilation rather than that sense of loneliness—each man, I say, moving about in complete isolation from his kind, utterly solitary in God's illimitable universe, it is hard indeed for us to understand one another, and care for one another sufficiently to bring forth fruits of perfect sympathy. Your dearest friend is still a riddle to you. You know his external characteristics well enough; you know his tastes, as far as he has revealed them to you; and you know, perhaps, his general bearing and abilities sufficiently to enable you to calculate, with more or less accuracy, how he would act, or what he would say, if placed in certain positions. Beyond this, his nature and being are to you as undiscovered tracts into which you can never penetrate. Perfect knowledge of one another would seem to be an important condition of perfect, all-pervading sympathy; and how impossible is the attainment of such a knowledge!

Furthermore, perfect capability of sympathy would appear to demand a full experience of all pains and pleasures—nay, even of all idiosyncrasies to which humanity may be liable. The strong and healthy man can hardly, as a general rule, understand the complaints and alarms of the weak and sickly; the hard-headed, calculating man will make but little allowance for the tastes and cravings of the poetic and imaginative; and so on, in countless other instances. And for each of us to possess this manifold experience, it would be necessary that all endowments, intellectual and physical, should be equally portioned out amongst us: nay, even this would not suffice; for of what avail would be an equal distribution of such endowments, if the circumstances which affected them were not in all cases identical?

Where it is possible to fall back upon experience, sympathy is comparatively easy to awaken in some natures; and where there is little experience, we are obliged to trust to constructive imagination. Now, imagination is a delicate and capricious faculty, and one which is enjoyed by different men in very different degrees, and employed for purposes widely divergent. It is not possible, at all times, to use it for the purposes of sympathy. Men cannot hope for a con-

tinual enjoyment of benevolent impulses to drive them to a realisation of the feelings of others, even if they are gifted with vivid imaginations and great natural kindness. At times, even the imagination slumbers, or wanders away into dark places, whither we would not have it go, and chills and irritates us with its capricious picturings, rendering us incapable of hearty fellow-feeling. At times, also, under the pressure of circumstance, our very geniality and kindness of nature grow cold, and yield their places up to selfishness, misanthropy, and sullen anger. Doubtless there are moments when the imagination overleaps all barriers, moments when we are brought to see and feel the sorrows of other men, though we would willingly shrink from the pain of it; and it would be hard to say how often our sympathies are dwarfed and deadened, perhaps permanently, by our resistance to the earnest pleadings of imagination at such times; but to control and direct the imagination, so as to present to ourselves the feelings and surroundings of others, is an act of will beset with extreme difficulty. You have just met, let us say, with a sudden influx of good fortune; you go about with a cheerful look and a light heart; all Nature assumes a pleasant aspect to your eyes, as, by a strange process of abstraction, you contrive to blind yourself to all that is unhappy around you: "After all," you begin to say to yourself, in your quiet, self-deceiving way—"after all, there is not so much misery in the world as one sometimes believes; even the half-naked beggar yonder is enjoying his share of happiness in the pleasant sunshine." But as you thus soliloquise, your friend steps up to you with a melancholy countenance, and, as he presses your hand, he shakes his head, and begins to tell you that he has just suffered a severe trial, which has left him a miserable man. How hard you find it to step out of your fool's-paradise of contentment into the wilderness of his despondency! Out come, in spite of yourself, the conventional, dry commiserations, with falsehood trying not to be seen in every word; and your friend departs, lamenting bitterly with himself: "How I have been deceived in that man! I never believed till now that he had so little genuine sympathy in him." Your friend pampers his wretchedness by assuring himself that you are a heartless hypocrite. In reality you are but suffering from, perhaps, a pardonable inability to control your imagination when it is suddenly demanded of you.

The existence of antipathies—those which are physical and natural, those which are intellectual and often acquired, and those which are called "moral antipathies"—is, perhaps, a yet more powerful obstacle to perfection of sympathy. I mean by physical antipathies, those dislikes and disgusts which seem to be, primarily, the result

of physical constitution—of a keenly sensitive organisation, for example, or of nervous irritability—which are directed chiefly against the physical defects and peculiarities, or the mere external habits, of men. Thus, the mother often conceives an unconquerable dislike to her deformed offspring; the pedant plays the petty despot over the urchin of rueful and forbidding visnomy; the best of us can be almost cruel to a man who has contracted a disagreeable habit. What I have called intellectual antipathies, are those which are often experienced by highly cultured and richly gifted persons towards their intellectual inferiors, and which are the strongest barriers with such persons against sympathy in matters of opinion or of taste, as well as against geniality and freedom of converse. Like antipathies, but in a different degree, exist between minds of opposite tendency and dissimilar cast; and these last Lamb seems to have felt, when he humorously complains: “I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am

obliged to desist from the experiment in despair.” Moral antipathies, in persons of limited discerning capacity, not seldom prove insurmountable hindrances to an outflow of sympathy where sympathy is most needed. For, are there not classes of people in whom deep detestation of evil assumes a character so material, as to become hatred of individuals rather than of principles or actions? Hence often have arisen religious persecutions; hence, also, daily and hourly, the slights cast upon misguided persons, the upright man’s abhorrence of his erring brother, the pharisaical upraising of pious hands and significant head-shakings at the sound of a sin-tainted name; and, more base than all, the hardened indifference—in countless cases, the acquired oblivion—with regard to those weak ones, once innocent, and still capable, here and there, of being restored. From what depths of corruption and weakness, up to what vast heights of purity and power and nobleness must we indeed climb, ere we can attain to perfect sympathies!

OUR DOMESTIC QUEENS; OR, WOMAN’S SPHERE.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L., AUTHOR OF “THE FACE OF THE KING,” ETC.



HE Italians have a proverb, that “If a woman were as little as she is good, a pea’s cod would make her a gown and a hood.” Similarly the Germans say, “There are only two good women in the world; one of them is dead, and the other is not found.” So, from English lips we have often heard the remark, “If there is any mischief, you may be sure a woman has to do with it.” Thus it has been too fashionable to distort the female character, and throw on the weaker sex the entire burden of blame laid at the door of common humanity. It is true that the cunning arch-deceiver, knowing the shortest route to the city of Mansoul, availed himself of woman’s winning smiles and beseeching voice to draw Adam from the high vantage ground he occupied. It is true that it was by woman’s influence in the direction of evil that Abraham’s home was for a while disturbed, that Joseph was cast into prison, that Samson was weakened and overthrown, that David was troubled in spirit and severely chastised of God, that Solomon learned wisdom at such a high price, that Ahab embued his hands in a fellow-creature’s blood, that John the Baptist fell a prey to Herod’s lust, and that Paul and Barnabas were compelled to forsake Antioch. But it is equally true, that *she*, whom the enemy of man had used as an instrument whereby to accomplish his destructive purposes, the Eternal One also employed to achieve his redeeming work. She who gave man the curse

was ordained to give man the blessing. She who had plunged the human family into the dark abyss of sin, and consequent death, was called to a prominent part in the work of lifting man to the light of life. “For when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman.” Since that rapt hour, woman has occupied a queenly position in works of mercy and faith. Among Christ’s early friends and partisans, there was a large proportion of females; and, under the influence of Immanuel’s life and hallowed lessons, they attained to a maturity of grace, and a beauty of holiness, equalling even the chosen Twelve. Woman’s heart responded more readily to Christ’s appeals; clung more constantly to his person; shared more fully in his sufferings; wept more freely over his woe; ministered more eagerly to his wants; and watched more closely at his cross. Indeed, I do not remember that *one* female is numbered amongst Christ’s enemies. I do not think we can find an instance of a woman insulting or injuring our Saviour during his sojourn upon earth. Pilate’s wife even advised her husband to refrain from taking any part in injuring the “just person;” and the women who followed the Redeemer to Calvary joined *not* their voices with the cruel throng, but “bemoaned and lamented him.” In both the Old and the New Testament Scriptures we witness woman’s influence on the side of good. Whilst we ponder the history of Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, Deborah, Hannah, Ruth, Abigail, we do not forget the fidelity of Anna the

prophetess, the heavenly-mindedness of Mary of Bethany, the willing activity of Martha, the vigorous faith of the Syro-Phœnician woman, the profound love of Mary Magdalene, the charitable efforts of Dorcas, with the sisters Phœbe, Priscilla, Lydia, Syntyche, Salome, Tryphena, and Tryphosa. These were women who, loving the Lord, exerted their royal power to soften stubborn wills, soothe sorrowing minds, bind up broken hearts, and diffuse holy life, and liberty, and love. And now the brightest reflections of the Divine image; the strongest faith in the Divine promises; the tenderest solicitude for the souls of men; the noblest sacrifices for the cause of Christ, and the most unflinching attachment to the good, the true, and the pure may be found amongst the females of the Christian Church. To say the least, it is *just* to give equal prominence to feminine excellences and capabilities. When tempted unsparingly to condemn women, because of her came ruin, let us soften the tones to those of praise, because by her also came redemption. If disposed to reproach her for the sins and sorrows which beset our course, let us halt and remember that she has a thousand times curbed the maddened power of the passions, soothed the troubled heart, cheered the sufferer's hours of loneliness, dried the mourner's bitter tears, and given to "earth its charm, to life its zest." "I have observed," said John Ledyard, the renowned traveller, "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been often far otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draughts, and, if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

At the present time, the question of woman's rights is being widely, and, in some quarters warmly, discussed. Whilst Dr. Mary Walker claims for her sex the privileges hitherto enjoyed by the medical profession, and Mr. J. Stuart Mill petitions that women may be presented with the electoral suffrage, and so asked to take part in political contests, some half-a-dozen popular female preachers are asserting their right to be public expositors of Divine truth. Doubtless the reader has his own opinion on the propriety of females occupying either of the positions just alluded to, and we have ours, which we are not

afraid to say is this: that a female steps beyond the boundaries of delicacy when she aims at these public functions. The mention of women in the ministerial office at once suggests the words of Dr. Johnson: "A woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs; you never expect to see it done well, but the wonder is that ever it should be done at all." It is not that we regard women as inferior to man in mental endowments, moral courage, and spiritual acquirements. In many quarters it is fashionable to give her a very subordinate and menial place. A recent writer has advanced what we pronounce an extreme and partial opinion. He says: "Woman's name has no place among inventors and discoverers; nothing in art or science owes birth to her brain. She has kept house for the world since the world began, but it is questionable whether she ever devised or improved fire-places or cradle, pot or pan, needle or thread. If, by compulsion, she trades, she never ventures out of the rut of custom; if she grows rich, it is by accumulation, or the industry of routine, never by adventure or speculation. She dislikes change, is naturally conservative. She has had ample practice in literature, but the critic vainly explores her volumes for original thought: her best efforts never exceed a skilful disposition of man's wares—a millinery of his thoughts after his own methods." Such is the estimate of women which very many hold, from which we ask permission to differ. We interpret the phrase, "weaker vessel," as referring to the delicate constitution and fragile structure of woman. She is more subject to weakness, and hence less able to endure toil and encounter trial than man. Where men and women have enjoyed the same opportunities, and have been engaged in the same occupation, the latter have oftentimes far surpassed the former. Especially is this true in all matters relating to the affections and sentiments. Though we do not believe in the inferiority of women, we do believe in the individualism of character. The equality to which females should aspire is "the equality of planets, each perfect and beautiful, each useful and beneficial, in its sphere, but pregnant with disorder and confusion, when Venus would invade the orbit of Jupiter, or intrude within the circuit of Mars. No intelligent man denies to woman such an equality; but as certainly as a good housewife would pin a dish-cloth to the coat-tail of a husband prying into the mysteries of the kitchen, and claiming equality with his wife in the household sphere, so surely will men cry out against, and turn with disgust from, women who invade their province of warriors, statesmen, merchants," physicians, or preachers. A woman's sphere is the domestic circle: there she may be a queen: there, by her

lightning-like perception, her instinctive decision, her tender sensibilities, she may accomplish vastly more for the well-being of her fellow-immortals, than in the popular assembly. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit may be, in the sight of God, of greater price than the shrewd thought and quick speech by which she may usurp authority over man.

Into that which incontrovertibly is the lady's legitimate department, let us look a moment, just to see the influence she can there exert in the varied relationships she is called to sustain.

We see her first as a *daughter*. The reader has observed, a hundred times, that the leaves of a tree, in growth, assume a perfect order of ascension. Nature has so arranged, that each leaf may have room for its grateful operations. For each leaf contributes to the parent stalk, and strengthens the branch by constantly yielding a certain quantity of wood. What a lesson on the duty of children to parents is thus conveyed—a lesson to do all that is within our power to strengthen and cheer those who have cherished and protected us. But this lesson is specially applicable to daughters; inasmuch as, in the majority of instances, the sons leave the parental roof, while yet young, to seek a position and employment for themselves, whilst the daughters remain near the parents for many years. You are thinking of an instance now, where the young girl, walking in the light of the Divine command, "Honour thy father and thy mother;" remembering that, whilst at home, next to the Eternal, her parents demand her chief affection and aid; shunning sloth and forgetting self, has become the ministering angel—the sunshine—the stay of home. The anxious, frugal, hard-toiling mother finds her burden lighter, and her declining days happier; whilst the father, who comes home weary with working for the bread which perisheth, and sensible of growing infirmities circumscribing daily enjoyments, blesses Heaven every hour that he has one to soothe him when careworn. How gratifying is the devotion of that dutiful one! Her little acts speak volumes. See her providing the cushion for the aching head—placing the hassock for the tired foot—wiping the spectacles for the bedimmed eye—reading the newspaper for the weary invalid, and by a thousand minor duties proving how much she loves. Well done, fair lass! Thou art as much in thy place as Boadicea at Colchester, Elizabeth at Tilbury, or Grace Darling at Outer Fern Lighthouse. The recording angel takes notes of every sympathetic word and deed, and not one shall lose its reward. Though unseen and unknown beyond the domestic hearth, your life is not lost. You are serving your generation.

"Seek to be useful, more than to excel;
Who does his work effectual, does it well."

As a *sister*, we cannot estimate the worth of woman. She may become to the younger branches of the family circle as influential as the parents. Having just passed through the duties, difficulties, and dangers pertaining to their age, the lessons learned thereby fresh upon the mind; being young and capable of sympathising with the young, and being their daily companion, if wise and virtuous, she may sway an influence of untold power. This influence is particularly serviceable to the brothers. They may, for a time, slight her counsel, laugh at her conduct, and ridicule her prayerfulness; they may think and speak of these things as evidences of a woman's weakness, but, by-and-by, they will regard them as constituents of feminine worth. Powerfully, yet imperceptibly, like leaven, the sister's example and advice will serve to mould the character of the developing man. How often have we observed the difference between young men who enjoyed, when under the home-roof, the companionship of a sister or sisters, and those who were never so favoured. Young women—be kind and considerate to your brothers and sisters; form and keep the resolution that your home shall be a happier—a dearer spot to all around you, because *you* tread the hearth!

It is to the relationship of *wife* that most females aspire. Jeremy Taylor's words are well known but will bear repetition: "A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels;—her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head." Yes, if she come up to the apostle's requirements, and be a "keeper at home;" if she be affectionate, faithful, uncomplaining; if she manifest an interest in her husband's engagements, purposes, and pursuits; if she evince a constant preference for the company of him to whom she is wedded—then will she be the means of smoothing off his roughness, and giving him a beautiful tenderness of feeling, which will not clash with, but ennoble, his manly integrity and moral courage. His home will be the sweetest spot on earth—a spot where he is disciplined and nerved for the crowded arena and incessant conflicts of the world: his wife "will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

And then, who can over-estimate a woman's worth in the relation of *mother*? There is wondrous meaning in that word, "mother." It has a

tenderness, a beauty, a power. Often has it been like sweet music, or stirring eloquence, or stimulating power to the man. Throwing a spell around the wanderer, it has won him back to the green fields and sunny groves of truth. When that word calls up, in after-life, a host of pleasant recollections of maternal affection and consistency—when it reminds us of the unfaltering self-sacrifice which daily breathed forth from the mother's heart to make our youthful life joyous—it lays a talismanic grasp upon us. Napoleon, a man of keen observation, attributed the formation of his character to his mother. "A man," said he, "is what his mother makes him." Was he not right? The tender plant is in the maternal hand from infancy, and may be trained to good or evil, weal or woe. Nestling beneath the folds of her dress—pressing his little lips against her smiling face—clasping his tiny hands in prayer upon her knees—fleeing for protection to her open arms in all his little troubles, that child begins his schooling when he begins to observe. And being constantly among such little people, ever directing their movements and answering their questions, the mother exerts an influence upon them which will follow them to the close of their earthly pilgrimage, the strength and fruit of which eternity only will unfold. John Randolph, the statesman, remarked: "I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" Some young men, in training for the Christian ministry, were anxious to ascertain what proportion of their number had enjoyed the training of a pious mother. They bore their testimony, when it was found that *more than a hundred* out of one hundred and twenty students had been thus privi-

leged. Mothers! let your example be good, your advice scriptural, your prayers fervent and frequent for, and with, your charge—then your children shall rise up to call you blessed.

There are some females, however, who always live in maidenhood, who never enter the marriage relation. They are not to be under-valued because of their freedom from conjugal engagements; much less are they to be regarded as objects of commiseration and contempt. From their ranks have risen some of the noblest specimens of noble womanhood—females who have, with undaunted heart, taken up the cause of the depressed, the suffering, and the rejected; and, by self-denying deeds, broken the stubborn spirits of the sinful, and administered joy to the disconsolate—females whose names will ever remain as pleasant household words. Long will our soldiers talk of Miss Nightingale moving to and fro on the shores of the Euxine, like an angel of mercy. Long will our navvies think of the happy hours spent in Beckenham, where Miss Marsh won them to the side of sobriety, truth, and God. And Miss Emily Faithfull will not be forgotten by the needy sisters in pursuit of employment. Whilst hundreds besides—uncrowned queens—whose names are unknown to fame, shall be held in everlasting remembrance by the relatives, neighbours, and citizens among whom they move.

An Italian artist once sketched woman as chained by the ankles to a rock; but portrayed a fountain which sent forth a jet of water, drop after drop of which fell on the links of the chain, and wore them away. Woman was, indeed, thus fastened to the rock of slavery and sin, but the religion of heaven has gradually worn away the fetters, and she to-day occupies an honoured and dominant position among us. May every reader of this paper more fully realise the extent of his obligations to lovely, trusting, fragile woman.

A L A M E N T A T I O N .

EZEK. XIX. 14.

STRETCH forth, O friend, from out the past
thy hand,
For my heart swells, my eyes grow dim
with tears;
Death smiles so sadly o'er the sunless land,
That I would hear thy voice to calm my fears.
As pulseless day gropes gladly into night,
To kiss the Queen of Beauty scatt'ring love
In quiv'ring wavelets from her mirrored height,
So would my soul creep into thine above.
The sick sun flares across the sullen moor,
As look mine eyes, vexed into wild despair,

Across the wold, through heaven's azure floor,
To thee who wast my friend, so good, so
fair!

As roll the rivers to the raging sea,
In affluence of never-changing mood,
So swells my longing spirit up to thee,
Who wast my friend, my love, my daily
food.

O! I would flash my spirit out in thine—
Swerve upward with the orbiting sun to heav'n;
Melt tears and sorrow in the Love divine,
That unto all a resting-place has giv'n.

W. T. McLEOD.



(Drawn by R. T. PRITCHETT.)

"The sick sun flares across the sullen moor,
As look mine eyes, vexed into wild despair,
Across the wold."—p. 760.

THE HALF-SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DOLORES followed her husband into the corridor. It was a wide corridor, and there was a window with a large old-fashioned window-seat just opposite. Dolores sat down in the window-seat, and tapped her foot on the floor. Archibald stood close by her. Nothing that was said could possibly be heard by Helen.

"Dolores, what is that woman come for?"

She raised her head defiantly; her cheek was suffused with crimson.

"You know who I mean; I mean Helen."

Her eye flashed one of its keenest flashes; but all the colour fled from her face. She knew the flash was lost on Archibald.

"You need not look at me in that way, Dolores. I won't have poor relations hanging about the house. You had better tell her so."

"Tell her so!—tell Helen!" she said it with a kind of convulsive gasp.

"Yes, or else I will."

"No—no!" and she caught hold of him, and held him fast: her face white, her eyes dilated, as with the horror of some idea that had presented itself to her.

"Very well," and he put her from him, not so much rudely as determinately. "She may stay this time, but she must not come again. I won't have such a shabby-looking woman as that call my wife sister. She had best take herself out of the neighbourhood."

Something rose to the white lips of Dolores, something that was not uttered, but choked back, as it were, with a kind of sob. It would be of no use to say it: two years' experience had taught her that. But he had promised to be a brother to Helen.

"It will be the best thing in the world for Helen, if you marry me," he had said, again and again.

The words seemed to ring in her ear, as she sat, her hands clasped tightly together.

When, after a pause—a pause that was full of dread and bewilderment—she again looked up, he was gone. She knew that. She had heard the noise of his footsteps down the stairs; she had heard the glass door into the garden closed roughly, and with a bang: and then, she knew he would not return.

And there was Helen!

Her lip began to quiver. A soft colour replaced the pallor that had been stricken into her cheek by the terror she had passed through. Tears welled into her eyes—bitter tears, tears of intolerable woe and suffering, but they were better to come; anything was better than the stony look of despair, that had been in her face a few minutes ago.

With her laced handkerchief of finest cambric, and imbued, poor child, with attar of roses, she wiped away the tears. Sorry comfort did her possessions give to her now.

But she would not for the world have Helen see, or know, or even suspect, what had happened. In her heart, she defied her husband. By-and-by, she thought, when Helen was out of hearing, she would tell him her mind; and the small, resolute hand clenched itself.

Yes, she would not tamely submit. She would have a battle for the mastery. She would let him know that *her* sister, her own flesh and blood, *her* Helen, was not to be trampled upon!

"And I will have her!—she *shall* come!" thought Dolores, her head erect, as she walked back to the drawing-room—the drawing-room where Helen was.

That touch of defiance had dried her tears. Her eyes were bright and glittering. She had almost given way again when she saw Helen.

Helen was taking a survey of the beautiful things on the cabinet in the corner. She turned round with a smile; her loving eye rested with tender delight on Dolores.

Dolores, with her quickened perception, saw many things that had escaped her notice. She saw, in the stream of sunlight in which Helen stood, that the black dress was worn to shabbiness; that the dear, patient face was sharp and thin; that there were lines of sorrow and of care on the forehead; that Helen was sorely changed in these two years, more so than she had at first imagined. But she did not say so, she only swallowed down another sob, and then took her place at the table.

At all events, for that one precious evening, the sisters could be together: and for the future, it were best not to think about it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DOLORES slept late the next morning, and when she awoke, her first few moments were cheerful and refreshed. But there gradually came closing round her, like so many phantoms, the events of the day before. She sat up in bed, and began to recollect. It was a sad recollection. Amid all her sorrows out yonder, and she had had sorrows, a serpent lay coiled up among the rose-leaves, a worm was at the core, a skeleton in her closet,—amid these sorrows there had always appeared one green spot in the distance, one glad, hopeful time that would surely come; the time when she should be with Helen. She had pictured it again and again; she had dreamed of it; she had clung to the thought of it—this sweet reunion with Helen. Of the happy days spent together—of the enjoyments shared—the sorrows lightened—the burdens borne more lightly.

"For I am not a giddy little thing, as I used to be," had thought Dolores.

Her two years' experience of life as she had found it out there with Archibald Cranstead, led her to say this.

And now? Oh, it was cruel, unmanly, false, wicked!

She sprang up as she said the words aloud; a dangerous expression getting into her face. On this point she was resolved not to yield without a struggle.

"I shall tell him when I go down to breakfast," thought she. "I will not remain in his house, unless I may see Helen!"

She got through her toilette as quickly as she could, and, her whole face and bearing defiant as could be, she walked down the stairs.

But her defiance was thrown away on empty space. Archibald's chair, it is true, stood at the table, but Archibald himself was gone. He had ridden down to Workstone, the footman said, and would not be back till dinner.

The look of disappointed intention, which had come into her face, gave way to a little sunny gleam. Not back till dinner!—then she would go and visit Helen.

Her heart yearned for a sight of the old home. She loved to think of the low old-fashioned room, where she and Helen had spent so many years together—of the garden, the field, and all the familiar objects wrought in with her girlish associations. Yes, she would assuredly go.

She had her breakfast in haste. Her hand trembled with the eagerness she felt. As soon as she had finished, she hurried to her room, and prepared for her walk. All her movements had been solitary this long time, and so was this; but her solitude did not press upon her as it had done. She was fleeing fast to Helen!

Many a time had her nimble feet trod those meadows—that lane—the very lane in which she had been used to meet with Archibald; and she had flashed away from him, up the field, laughing as she went, and conscious of her power over him. And it had been June then, and it was June now. There was the waving summer grass, the fresh young foliage of the interlacing branches, the birds singing in the copse. It might have been the very morning! She gave a little shiver, and hurried on. She did not want to think of that.

Helen was sitting by the window at work. The shabby silk had been carefully put by in a drawer, and she wore a plain cotton dress—very plain; and it had been washed and washed again.

"Dolores, I am so delighted! How good of you to come!"

"I was sure to come, Helen. I wanted so to see the old place again! And now, what of Joyce?"

The question bounded from her lips with such abruptness, that Helen started. The secret wound gave a painful throb, as she said, after a moment's pause, "I have never heard from Joyce, once."

"Not heard?"

"No!" and the tears gushed from her eyes; "not once. God's will be done," said Helen, tremulously.

She had not given Joyce up. She knew the vessel had arrived at its destination; she knew he would be faithful—to death; beyond this, she had to leave the matter in the hands of God.

For a few minutes, the sisters clung thus together, heart to heart. Dolores did not say a word, no more did Helen; but each felt that the other was unspeakably dear to her—that the only source of consolation, as far as this world went, was in each other!

The hours slipped by, and still the sisters were together. They talked not of the future, but of the past; of their father, of Joyce, of all the little memories so precious to both. And now and then, a tear dropped from the bright eyes of Dolores; and now and then, she was silent, hushed, as she said, into a delicious calm, because Helen was with her.

All at once, the gate was swung back, and a quick step came up the garden walk. Dolores did not raise her head from Helen's shoulder; but she slid her hand in Helen's hand, and grasped it tightly. Some quick intimation made her know, even without seeing him, that it was her husband.

The step which had reached the front door stopped one moment. Another moment, and he stood on the threshold of the room. Dolores was just opposite, her arm round Helen, her hand locked in Helen's.

He had failed then to sever the link, to separate the sisters!

When his shadow darkened the room, and his actual presence was felt, Dolores raised her head. Her eyes met the eyes of Archibald Cranstead! In a single moment she comprehended it all. She knew he had come to take her from Helen! The sisters both rose. Helen, all unconscious of the danger, advanced to receive her guest with courtesy. She offered her hand; but he did not take it. All the old malevolence was in his face, and the old sneer on his lips. She drew back, conscious of his incivility. Dolores put on her hat and shawl. If she went quickly, and at once, the thing she feared might not happen. But she was mistaken. It must happen, and it did. She had forgotten the nature of Archibald Cranstead.

"See here, Miss Percival! I have something to say to you."

"Archibald, no! no!" and she caught hold of him, as she had done before: her face white, her eyes dilated. "I will go home! I will not have it said!"

"But you see, you are not the master: I am."

Nothing could describe the insolence of his tone.

"Miss Percival, I've just this to say, and then I've done. I won't have this sort of thing. I forbid it. My wife goes her way, and you go yours. I won't have her come here, or you go there. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied Helen.

Very calmly she said it, but her heart was bleeding all the time.

"That's right; you know my mind about it. Go on, Dolores."

He spoke roughly. As she stood, her eyes fixed on Helen, with a yearning look—a look Helen never forgot—he took her by the arm, and pulled her outside. Then he shut the door; and the husband and wife stood in the porch.

His hand was on her arm. She was more pale than

ever he had seen her. Her lips were firmly set together. Her eyes unnaturally large and bright. She made no attempt to return, but she listened as though she expected Helen to speak. Nothing was heard, save the flap of the blind against the open window, for a breeze was getting up, and the foliage of the trees was beginning to stir itself.

He did not mean to wait. His face expressed it. He drew her into the garden-path; it was too narrow for both of them, and he walked behind her, as if to put a barrier between her and Helen.

A gate led from the garden into the field. He reached his arm forward and opened it. When the field spread itself out before them, he came and walked beside her. He had his old insolence rife upon him. His face expressed the supremest indifference as to what she thought or felt. He put his hands in his pockets and whistled.

Dolores did not speak or look at him: inwardly there was a tempest raging; but it was kept down by an iron hand. There was a crushing, repressing influence somewhere; a feeling of having to do with mere brute force; and the feeling had hold of her, and silenced her.

There was a place in her heart that thrilled with the keenest anguish, where lay her deepest sensibilities, her tenderest affection. But she did not approach it, even in thought. If she had, she must have shrieked aloud with the pain it cost her.

She tried just then to banish all remembrance of Helen. It would come, she knew; but it should come in the solitude of her chamber, when she could lie prostrate and weep—when no one was present but her God.

"God is more merciful than man!" she had said, many times lately, in her secret soul.

When they reached the beautiful garden that was her very own—her own, with its drooping trees, its cool fountain playing in the grass, its sheet of colour reflected from the bosom of countless flowers—she gave a slight shudder. But she passed in quietly, Archibald close by her.

She had been so patient, that he thought she was subdued. He fancied he might be more insolent still. When they were in the hall, he said, with a sneer, "You need not try sulking with me, Dolores."

She did not speak. She took off her hat, as if mechanically, and laid it on a table that stood near. Then she went towards the staircase. He spoke again.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour. I shall expect you at table."

Perfect silence. Not a look or word.

"If you don't come, I shall fetch you."

She had her hand on the balustrade; she paused, perhaps, a second. During the second, she had turned her head partly round. Then she went up the stairs. She had not looked at him.

He laughed one of his derisive laughs, and went out, banging the door as usual. He thought he had conquered.

She walked straight to her boudoir, for this was

her most private retreat. Into any of the other rooms he might come; but he rarely came here. She fastened the door, and stood, her hand to her head.

"Oh! what have I done?"

Ah! Dolores, you have done that which has been the undoing of your life!

She knew that, poor child, for she was beginning to think of Helen. The whole tide of feeling and affection, repressed by main force, was surging back again. She sat down, for she felt sick, and faint, and giddy. She did not weep, as she thought she should. Her brain felt hot, her eyes dry, her heart heavy as a stone. She began to wish that she might die! But it is not usual for youth to die; it is strong, elastic, enduring. Dolores must live, and she felt it, a long life, perhaps—years and years and years! And how? Why, of all women the most miserable! That was how she must live.

She had not thought of what he had told her of going down to dinner. At such crises as these, time and period are forgotten. She was sitting, thinking she had sat but a few minutes, when he came—I mean Archibald. He turned the handle of the door; it was locked. She smiled a little smile of defiance.

"Dolores!"

She did not answer. Some of the old mischief was in her face, as she sat.

"Dolores; I know you are there!"

Not a word in reply.

"If you don't answer me, I will break the door down!"

She looked a little frightened. Here was the brute force again.

"What do you want?" she forced herself to say.

It was a cold, constrained voice—a voice that spoke as much aversion as it could.

"I want to tell you that I am sent for to the abbey. My father has had a stroke."

She did not reply to this.

"I suppose I must go. But I've this to say to you, if you leave the house, or let any one in while I am gone, you will repent it to the last hour you live!"

There was a touch of fierceness in his voice that made her tremble. She did not speak, and he went down-stairs again; and, mounting his horse, rode off to the abbey.

She saw him from the window, for she had gone to it, as if for air, and then she turned round, and staggered back again to her chair.

There was some comfort to her in the thought that he was gone. No matter on what errand. Only gone!

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Do let me stop, Hector, if only for a few moments!"

"Nonsense, Rachel; we shall be at Dover directly; there is but one more station."

"Oh, my head! my head!" and she pressed her hands to her forehead, and groaned in her agony—an agony of mind, and of body too.

She was very ill. The shock, and agitation, and hurry had been too much for her; for Mrs. Chilling-

ham had not youth on her side. Thirty years ago such a brush with adversity would not have daunted her. She would have set to work to rebuild the ruins. But now, alas! it was too late. There would be no more rebuilding for Mrs. Hector Chillingham.

Oh! she had been a hard, grinding, un pitying woman! Some people said of her, that she could coin money out of the rock; at any rate, she had coined it out of something. Money had been her god, and now this reverse had happened to her, the god had departed; nothing was left save destitution and remorse.

She and her husband had passed through London, and were on their way to Dover. The packet sailed at midnight, and they were intending to pass over to France. Mr. Chillingham was a wretched sailor, and dare not attempt a long voyage. He was going to hide himself in Switzerland.

It had been a terrible journey. Stunned, bewildered, and despairing, his wife had sat by his side; rigid and speechless, when other travellers were present, breaking out into wild paroxysms of grief, when she and her husband were alone. Now they were alone; and she was bending forward, her grey hairs nearly touching the seat opposite. She was so ill, she said, the pain in her head maddened her.

"Nonsense, Rachel; the next station is Dover. Hush! sit up; some one is coming."

She sat up as well as she was able; she drew down her veil, and smoothed her grey hairs. Guilty as she had been, no one could have helped but pity her sufferings.

The carriage door was opened, and closed again with a bang. Mrs. Chillingham gave an involuntary shudder, partly caused by the jar to her nerves, and partly by the fact that the new-comer was known to her.

The new-comer was Alfred Kingston. He got in hurriedly, for he was late, and was too much occupied in the disposal of sundry packages, to notice at first who were his fellow-passengers. Glancing round, after a few moments, his eye fell direct on the Chillinghams. He raised his hat courteously. Then he took out a daily paper and began to read it.

On rattled the train. They were very near to

Dover now. Alfred Kingston put out his head to feel the sea-breezes. As he drew it back, he perceived that Mrs. Chillingham had thrown back her veil. Her ashy paleness startled him.

"I am afraid you are ill," said he, in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes, my wife is ill," replied Mr. Chillingham, hastily; "I am taking her to the sea."

"The best thing you could do," replied Alfred Kingston, pleasantly; and then he turned to the window again. He did not wish to force any conversation with the Chillinghams. When he looked round, a few minutes after, he was again struck with the expression of her face, and also with the strange, eager look with which her eyes were fixed upon him. She did not speak; she had not uttered a word; but her look of entreaty, or anxiety, or whatever it was, seemed to pierce him through and through. During the remainder of the journey that look was never averted from him a single moment.

Alfred Kingston began to feel uncomfortable. Sometimes he thought he would speak to her; he felt sure she was unlike herself. But, then, she had not addressed, or even replied to him, and Mr. Chillingham was deep in the study of Murray's "Hand-book." There seemed no opening for him to ascertain what it was she wanted.

At length the train stopped, with its usual shrill whistle. Mrs. Chillingham pressed her hand to her forehead, and gave a suppressed groan; then Alfred Kingston felt sure she was very ill indeed. The doors were now opened, and passengers began to jump out on the platform; there was a great deal of noise and bustle, and Mr. Chillingham got out to see after the luggage. He did not help his wife to alight, he simply told her to follow him; he spoke quickly, almost rudely; so Alfred Kingston thought. But, then, Alfred Kingston was a polished gentleman, in spite of his humble clerkship. He lingered a moment, hoping to be of service, and, in that moment, Mrs. Chillingham had taken her hands from her forehead. Her eyes were fixed upon him with the same look of distress.

(To be continued.)

MOSES.

TO his rest in the lonely hills,
To his rest, where no man knows,
By the secret birth of the rills,
And the secret death of the snows;

To the place of the silent rocks,
Where no voice from the earth can come,
But the thunder leaps and shocks
The heart of the nations dumb.

To the long and desolate stand
On the brink of the ardent slope,
To the thought of the beautiful land,
And the woe of unanswered hope;

To the fallen fate from God
On the life yet young within;
To the sense of the smothering sod,
And the crush of remembered sin.

To the moments that gather the years,
Like clouds on the heaven afar;
To the tumult of terrible tears;
To the flush and the triumph of war;

To the plagues of the darkness and dead,
And the cry of a conquered king.
To the joy of the onward tread,
And the beat of a cageless wing.

To the march of the pillar of cloud,
And the rest of the pillar of fire,
To the song of the jubilant crowd,
And the passionate praise of the lyre;

To the mountain, ascended alone,
And the law in its thunder given,
And the glimpse of the feet of the throne,
And the light of the shadows of heaven.

To Memory, beating her wings
In the tremulous cage of the mind,

And a harp of a myriad strings,
That is swept by the hand of the wind;

To a grave, where no marble above
Can be voiceful of peril and praise;
Where no children can weep out their love,
No widow recall the lost days.

To these—but his step is not weak,
And he moves as one moves to a throne—
Alone with the past on that peak;
With his grief and his glory alone.

J. S. W

GERHARDT, THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

ABOUT three hundred years ago, in one of the many small principalities into which Germany was divided, there lived a shepherd-boy, who, by his trustworthiness and honesty, rose to be a very great man. In those days a shepherd's life was a far more dangerous and toilsome one than it is now. Night and day, in summer, when the flocks were sent up to the mountain-pastures, the shepherds were obliged to be constantly on the watch to protect their charge, both from wild beasts and almost as wild men. Large forests still covered the greater part of the country, and afforded a shelter to wolves, who were so fierce and bold, as even in broad daylight to carry off any sheep or lamb that strayed at all from its companions. They were infested, too, with robbers, stragglers and deserters from the armies that were constantly being levied by the different petty sovereigns to make war on each other; and these vagabonds respected the dominions of neither friend nor foe, so long as they found they could plunder without restraint. Liable to be attacked at any moment, a shepherd required to be both vigilant, cautious, and brave; and to be honest, too, for these forest robbers would often offer them money, to conduct their flocks and herds into such districts as would enable them to carry them off with less trouble and danger.

The duchy where Gerhardt lived was governed by an active and energetic prince, who did all he could to protect his poor people from these pests.

You may well think Gerhardt must have had a hard time when he was all alone on the mountains, day after day, without a companion to speak to. Many of the shepherds did find it a dull life, but Gerhardt never complained. He had, however, two great advantages, of which he made the most; they enabled him to pass his time profitably and pleasantly, and were, I think, the cause of his happy temper and contented disposition. He knew how to read, which was an accomplishment almost entirely confined then to the upper classes; and he possessed a book, a rare and valuable article in those days, for printing had not long been invented. Books were still scarce, and cost a great deal of money, so only rich and great people could buy them.

You will wonder how Gerhardt, a poor shepherd-

boy, had acquired these two treasures; for we may truly call the knowledge of reading a treasure. He had an uncle, whose business required him to travel a great deal, and in his travels he had picked up a very considerable amount of learning, for a person in his station of life. During the winter he had paid his sister, Gerhardt's mother, a visit; and being detained longer than he intended, by the severity of the weather, had amused himself during the long winter evenings, teaching his nephew to read. Gerhardt had proved an apt pupil, and, as a reward for his diligence and the progress he had made, his uncle had left with him a little Testament that he had himself received from some friends in Switzerland.

Luther, who you know was the great instrument God made use of to expose the errors and corruption of the Romish Church, and to set on foot the glorious Reformation, was only just beginning his great work.

Gerhardt was not in the least aware of the true value of his uncle's gift; he was proud to possess so valuable a present,—proud of his power of reading it, which no other boy, and few men, in the village could do; and he looked forward to its helping him to pass away many a weary hour on the lonely mountain sides.

As he read, however, he learnt to love it for its own sake, and felt that if he profited by its teaching, he would become a happier and a better boy, and a more faithful and trustworthy servant.

One day, as Gerhardt sat on a rock not far from the borders of the forest, watching his sheep pasturing in the valley, sometimes reading his Testament, a man in a hunting-dress approached him from the forest, and inquired the distance to the nearest village.

"Six miles," said Gerhardt, "and a difficult road to find, for it is only a sheep-track, which you may easily miss."

"I am tired, hungry, and thirsty, and have lost my friends whilst hunting, and do not know where I am. Leave your sheep, my lad, and show me the road, and I will reward you amply for your time and trouble."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir, for they would stray into the woods, and be eaten by wolves, if not stolen by some of the forest-robbers."

"Well, what harm would that do you? they are not your sheep; one more or less eaten or stolen would

not make much difference to your master; and I'll warrant you have never earned so much, in a year, as I will give you."

"No; but I do not see that that would be any reason for my leaving my charge. My master pays me for my time, and trusts them to me to take care of. If I sell my time, which does not belong to me, to another person, and the sheep get lost through my neglect, I think it would just be the same as if I stole them."

"Well, will you trust them to me, whilst you run to get me something to eat and drink, and a guide to show me my road? I promise you I will watch them carefully."

Gerhardt shook his head. "The sheep do not know your voice; and—" he hesitated.

"And, what? Do you not think you could trust me? Do I not look honest? Who do you take me for?" said the stranger, somewhat angrily.

"Sir," said Gerhardt, slowly and unwillingly, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master; how do I know you would keep your word to me?"

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"I should not have thought that. Now, tell me what your riches are, for I see no signs of them."

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"You are a brave fellow, Gerhardt," said the prince, as he tried to bind up the poor lad's wounds, "and have shown yourself as brave and faithful a defender of your sovereign, as you have proved to be a trustworthy servant to your master. I shall not forget your conduct to-day; but I only wish now that I had some means of removing you to a safe place, before those fellows return, in greater numbers, as they are sure to do, now they know I am alone and unprotected."

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"Your sheep shall be well taken care of, my boy. You may trust me now, though you would not do so this morning."

"Oh, my prince," said Gerhardt, feebly, "forgive me! I did not know who you were."

"You were perfectly right not to trust me, and I amply deserved your rebuke; don't think about that now; I will send at once to tell your master what has happened."

Gerhardt was too suffering to take much heed; he was carried home, and during the time he was laid up with his wounds, which were very severe, the duke visited him constantly. One day, when Gerhardt was almost well, he asked him what he had done with his little Testament.

"Alas! sire, I must have lost it on the mountain that day, and, though several people have looked for it for me, it cannot be found."

To the march of the pillar of cloud,
And the rest of the pillar of fire,
To the song of the jubilant crowd,
And the passionate praise of the lyre;

To the mountain, ascended alone,
And the law in its thunder given,
And the glimpse of the feet of the throne,
And the light of the shadows of heaven.

To Memory, beating her wings
In the tremulous cage of the mind,

And a harp of a myriad strings,
That is swept by the hand of the wind;

To a grave, where no marble above
Can be voiceful of peril and praise;
Where no children can weep out their love,
No widow recall the lost days.

To these—but his step is not weak,
And he moves as one moves to a throne—
Alone with the past on that peak;
With his grief and his glory alone.

J. S. W

GERHARDT, THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

ABOUT three hundred years ago, in one of the many small principalities into which Germany was divided, there lived a shepherd-boy, who, by his trustworthiness and honesty, rose to be a very great man. In those days a shepherd's life was a far more dangerous and toilsome one than it is now. Night and day, in summer, when the flocks were sent up to the mountain-pastures, the shepherds were obliged to be constantly on the watch to protect their charge, both from wild beasts and almost as wild men. Large forests still covered the greater part of the country, and afforded a shelter to wolves, who were so fierce and bold, as even in broad daylight to carry off any sheep or lamb that strayed at all from its companions. They were infested, too, with robbers, stragglers and deserters from the armies that were constantly being levied by the different petty sovereigns to make war on each other; and these vagabonds respected the dominions of neither friend nor foe, so long as they found they could plunder without restraint. Liable to be attacked at any moment, a shepherd required to be both vigilant, cautious, and brave; and to be honest, too, for these forest robbers would often offer them money, to conduct their flocks and herds into such districts as would enable them to carry them off with less trouble and danger.

The duchy where Gerhardt lived was governed by an active and energetic prince, who did all he could to protect his poor people from these pests.

You may well think Gerhardt must have had a hard time when he was all alone on the mountains, day after day, without a companion to speak to. Many of the shepherds did find it a dull life, but Gerhardt never complained. He had, however, two great advantages, of which he made the most; they enabled him to pass his time profitably and pleasantly, and were, I think, the cause of his happy temper and contented disposition. He knew how to read, which was an accomplishment almost entirely confined then to the upper classes; and he possessed a book, a rare and valuable article in those days, for printing had not long been invented. Books were still scarce, and cost a great deal of money, so only rich and great people could buy them.

You will wonder how Gerhardt, a poor shepherd-

boy, had acquired these two treasures; for we may truly call the knowledge of reading a treasure. He had an uncle, whose business required him to travel a great deal, and in his travels he had picked up a very considerable amount of learning, for a person in his station of life. During the winter he had paid his sister, Gerhardt's mother, a visit; and being detained longer than he intended, by the severity of the weather, had amused himself during the long winter evenings, teaching his nephew to read. Gerhardt had proved an apt pupil, and, as a reward for his diligence and the progress he had made, his uncle had left with him a little Testament that he had himself received from some friends in Switzerland.

Luther, who you know was the great instrument God made use of to expose the errors and corruption of the Romish Church, and to set on foot the glorious Reformation, was only just beginning his great work.

Gerhardt was not in the least aware of the true value of his uncle's gift; he was proud to possess so valuable a present,—proud of his power of reading it, which no other boy, and few men, in the village could do; and he looked forward to its helping him to pass away many a weary hour on the lonely mountain sides.

As he read, however, he learnt to love it for its own sake, and felt that if he profited by its teaching, he would become a happier and a better boy, and a more faithful and trustworthy servant.

One day, as Gerhardt sat on a rock not far from the borders of the forest, watching his sheep pasturing in the valley, sometimes reading his Testament, a man in a hunting-dress approached him from the forest, and inquired the distance to the nearest village.

"Six miles," said Gerhardt, "and a difficult road to find, for it is only a sheep-track, which you may easily miss."

"I am tired, hungry, and thirsty, and have lost my friends whilst hunting, and do not know where I am. Leave your sheep, my lad, and show me the road, and I will reward you amply for your time and trouble."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir, for they would stray into the woods, and be eaten by wolves, if not stolen by some of the forest-robbers."

"Well, what harm would that do you? they are not your sheep; one more or less eaten or stolen would

not make much difference to your master; and I'll warrant you have never earned so much, in a year, as I will give you."

"No; but I do not see that that would be any reason for my leaving my charge. My master pays me for my time, and trusts them to me to take care of. If I sell my time, which does not belong to me, to another person, and the sheep get lost through my neglect, I think it would just be the same as if I stole them."

"Well, will you trust them to me, whilst you run to get me something to eat and drink, and a guide to show me my road? I promise you I will watch them carefully."

Gerhardt shook his head. "The sheep do not know your voice; and—" he hesitated.

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"Look here, Gerhard, is this it? When you are well," added the duke, "you shall come to my court, where you will have opportunities of improving yourself; of which I am sure you will not fail to profit."

The duke kept his word, Gerhard went to court, where he was the constant companion of the duke's son. He made good use of his advantages, and became one of the most learned and talented men of his time. He was also a distinguished soldier, and rose eventually to the highest honours his sovereign could bestow on him.

Few recollected that the powerful and able statesman, Count Gerhard, had once been a poor shepherd-boy; but he never forgot it himself, and retained the simple straightforwardness of his youth, which had originally won the duke's esteem; and he served his prince as faithfully and as assiduously in the affairs of state entrusted to him, as he had, in his early boyhood, attended to his sheep.

PART II.

WHEN the old duke died, he left Gerhard the care of his grandson and heir—who was quite a child—and the sole management of his dominions. Gerhard governed with so much wisdom and prudence that, on the young duke's attaining his majority, the duchy was in a more flourishing state than it had ever been before, and exercised a greater influence over the neighbouring princes, who all respected and admired Gerhard, often referring to him for his decision on any matter of dispute amongst them.

Gerhard now felt that he was growing old, and that he would willingly resign the cares and fatigues of government, and retire to his native place, where the old duke had given him a fine estate, comprising the valley and hill where he had first met him, and where, during short intervals of rest from state affairs, Gerhard had built a house, and employed himself improving the condition of the neighbourhood. The young duke, who thoroughly appreciated Gerhard, most unwillingly accepted his resignation, and only agreed to it on condition that, should he at any time find himself in any difficulty and require his advice, Gerhard would at once return to the court to assist him with his counsels.

Some time afterwards, a rumour reached the young duke's ears, that he, whom he thought so faithful, had only retired from the court to enjoy in peace the immense wealth he had amassed during the time he had uncontrolled power over the finances.

The duke would not believe that one who had invariably shown himself so faithful and trustworthy, could be guilty of such dishonesty; besides, he knew his revenues were much larger than they had been under any of his predecessors.

Being, however, assured that Gerhard, in addition to his own residence, had erected a magnificent building with an iron door, to contain his ill-gotten wealth, he determined, more for the satisfaction of those about him, than from any suspicions of his own, to pay him a visit during a tour he proposed making

through his states, without previously warning him of his intention.

Gerhard received his unexpected visitor with the most cordial welcome; he conducted him over his property, where everything was managed with the greatest simplicity and economy; but, from the reception they met with, it was evident Gerhard was adored by his dependents—to whose improvement and welfare he now entirely devoted himself—and that he had taught them also to love and respect their sovereign.

"But I have not seen all," said the prince, as they returned homewards. "I am told that you have in your grounds a splendid building, which contains priceless treasures."

Gerhard smiled, and replied, "Ah, sire! none would consider them treasures save myself: but if it pleased you to see them, I will willingly conduct you to my treasure-house."

They rode up the hill, and approached a plain stone building; it contained but one room, the windows of which commanded splendid views over the valley. From the centre of the floor rose a rock, and on it lay a sheepskin coat, a shepherd's crook, and an old book.

"See, sire!" said Gerhard; "this rock sheltered your grandfather and myself, then a poor shepherd-lad, when we were attacked by robbers: this is my shepherd's coat, and this my staff. From this book I first learnt, in whatever station of life I was placed, the way to true happiness was to do one's duty faithfully and contentedly. It is not the less dear to me that it saved my prince's life. See this cut—the stroke was aimed at his heart. He took me from my sheep and made me what I am. When I felt proud of my station, of the power that was in my hands, and ready to give myself all the glory for having attained to so high a position, I would come and sit here, recall to myself the days when I was a poor shepherd-lad, thankful for having enough bread to eat and clothes to cover me; I would study my little book, and ask myself what had I done that I should be raised so high; was it not because God had seen fit to make use of me to do a certain work on earth, and that by being a faithful servant to my masters here, I should best serve Him faithfully whose servants we all are?"

The young duke wrung Gerhard's hand warmly.

"Forgive me, my dear old friend, if I for one moment appeared to doubt your honour and integrity. Be what you have always been to me—my guide, my helper, and my teacher; and you," he continued, turning to the courtiers, who had crowded in, in anxiety to see these famous treasures, "take care how you again repeat to me false reports of one whose whole life has been devoted to the welfare of others; take, rather, example from his conduct, and remember that, by calumniating and endeavouring to turn me from so faithful a friend and upright a counsellor, you are not showing yourselves worthy of occupying his place, either in my affections or my councils."

L. L. C. B.